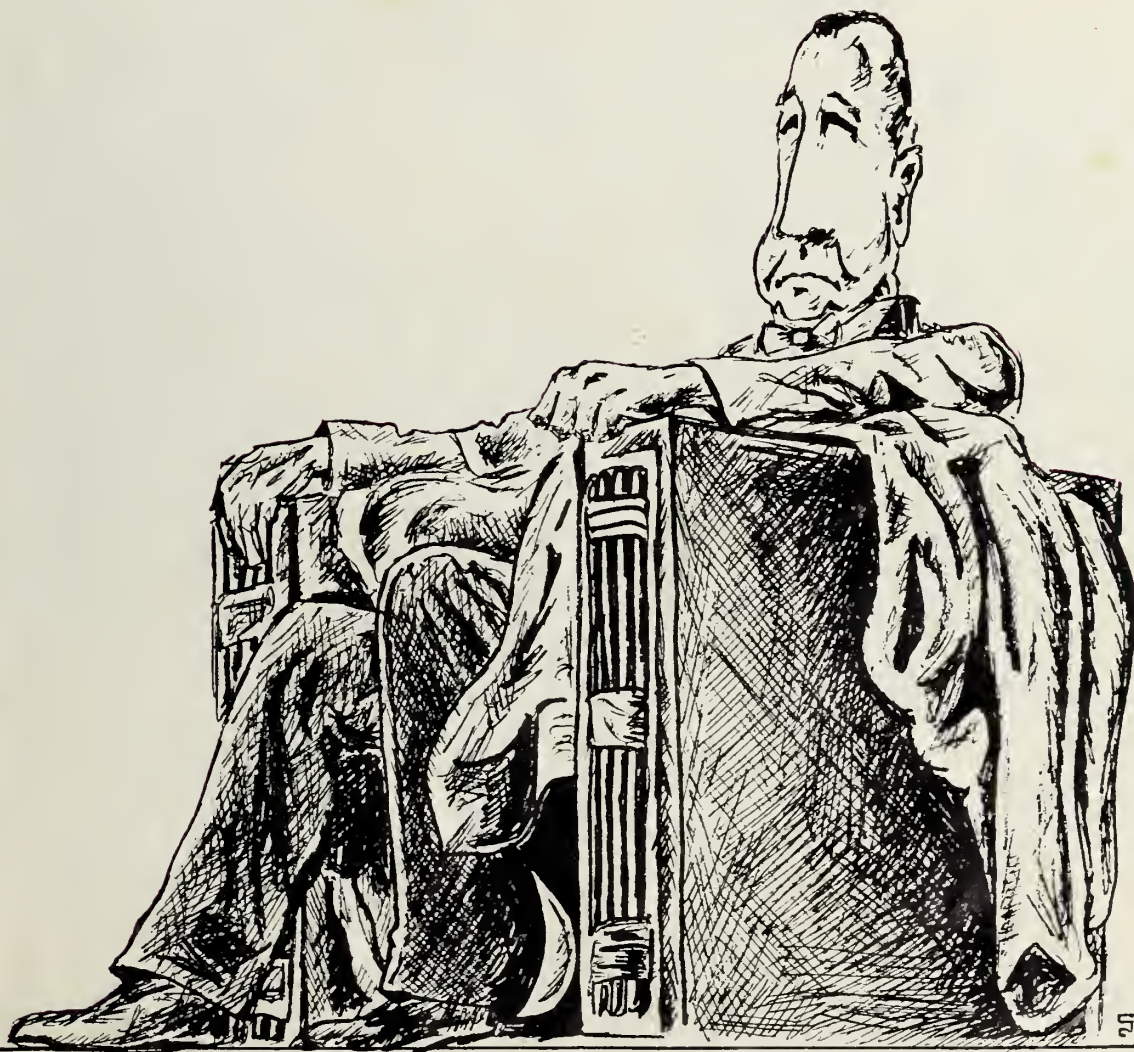


# YAHOO

**50¢**  
CASH

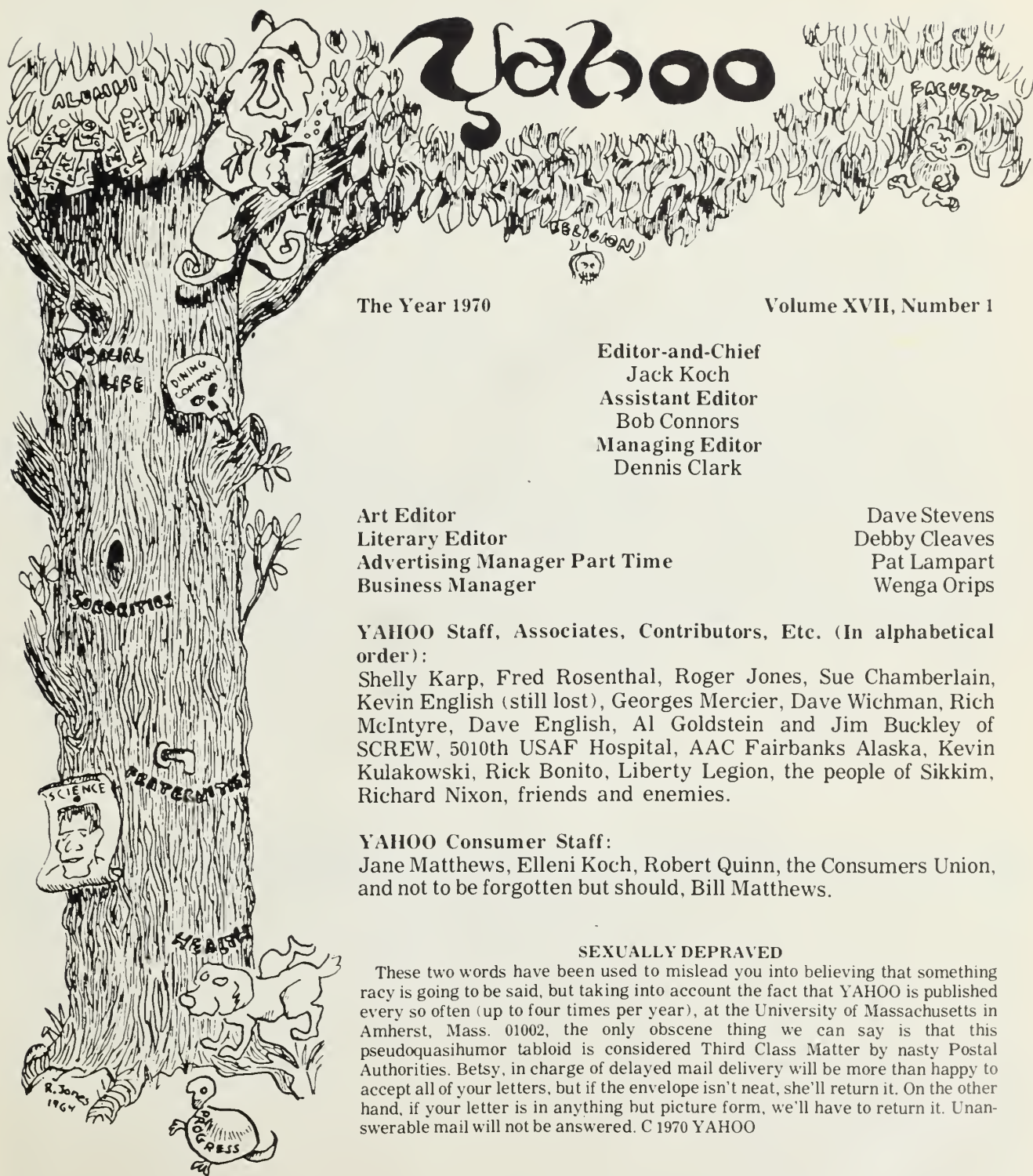


"WHAT DO YOU WANT,  
GOOD GRAMMAR OR  
GOOD TASTE?"



" BETTER COME WITH US, HENLEY - WE KNOW A POT PARTY  
WHEN WE SEE ONE... "





The Year 1970

Volume XVII, Number 1

**Editor-and-Chief**

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**Assistant Editor**

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**Managing Editor**

Dennis Clark

**Art Editor**

**Literary Editor**

**Advertising Manager Part Time**

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Shelly Karp, Fred Rosenthal, Roger Jones, Sue Chamberlain, Kevin English (still lost), Georges Mercier, Dave Wichman, Rich McIntyre, Dave English, Al Goldstein and Jim Buckley of SCREW, 5010th USAF Hospital, AAC Fairbanks Alaska, Kevin Kulakowski, Rick Bonito, Liberty Legion, the people of Sikkim, Richard Nixon, friends and enemies.

**YAHOO Consumer Staff:**

Jane Matthews, Elleni Koch, Robert Quinn, the Consumers Union, and not to be forgotten but should, Bill Matthews.

**SEXUALLY DEPRAVED**

These two words have been used to mislead you into believing that something racy is going to be said, but taking into account the fact that YAHOO is published every so often (up to four times per year), at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst, Mass. 01002, the only obscene thing we can say is that this pseudoquasiumor tabloid is considered Third Class Matter by nasty Postal Authorities. Betsy, in charge of delayed mail delivery will be more than happy to accept all of your letters, but if the envelope isn't neat, she'll return it. On the other hand, if your letter is in anything but picture form, we'll have to return it. Unanswerable mail will not be answered. C 1970 YAHOO

OUR MOTTO: "Never have so few done so much to so many."  
...Sindex Issue

## Mass Hysteria

This issue begins YAHOO's 17th year. Two of these years, we were unable to publish because of a Massachusetts State Senator, who is himself a comedian. As anyone who has read YAHOO for several years or more knows, each Editorial staff attempts to improve the magazine and—or the humor. This year's staff will try this and much and more. We are involved with a Consumer Education Program, a radio show, and a special newspaper (to be out shortly). If anyone feels that YAHOO isn't that good, and feels that he can do better, feel free to write an article or draw a cartoon and send it to us. If it's as good as you think, we'll publish it. We will accept material from anyone and anywhere except Sikkim.

---

Staff Meeting  
(see below)

Dear Mr. Yushnik:

As you may know, I am your president, And as such I do not like your nasty, effervescent innuendos concerning my own impeachable character or that of my solicitous, inaffable vice president. Who do you think you are kidding, sirrah???

Your lovable precedent,  
Precedent (name withheld  
by request)  
Precedent of the United  
States

been appointed President. Therefore, I have the power to throw you and your rabble-rousing publication off the campus. Aha! Hahahaha! What do you say to that!?

Threateningly yours,  
President Woodpecker  
Screw.

Dear Yush:

Your magazine is unfit for hoomin consumption, like my Senator says. But I eat it anyways.

Yours trooly  
Alan K. Seltzer

## LETTERS TO YUSHNIK

Dear Mr. Yushnik:

Although you have been publishing your muckraking yellow journal for 16 years on this campus, I can find no record of your enrollment at this fine institution of higher learning (we'll drink to that!) during that period. This means you were never, and are not now, a student (of course not—you think maybe I'm crazy?) at this outstanding new England University to which I have

Dear Yushnik:

What are the chances that the University will give vocational training in Brick Laying and Leather craft?

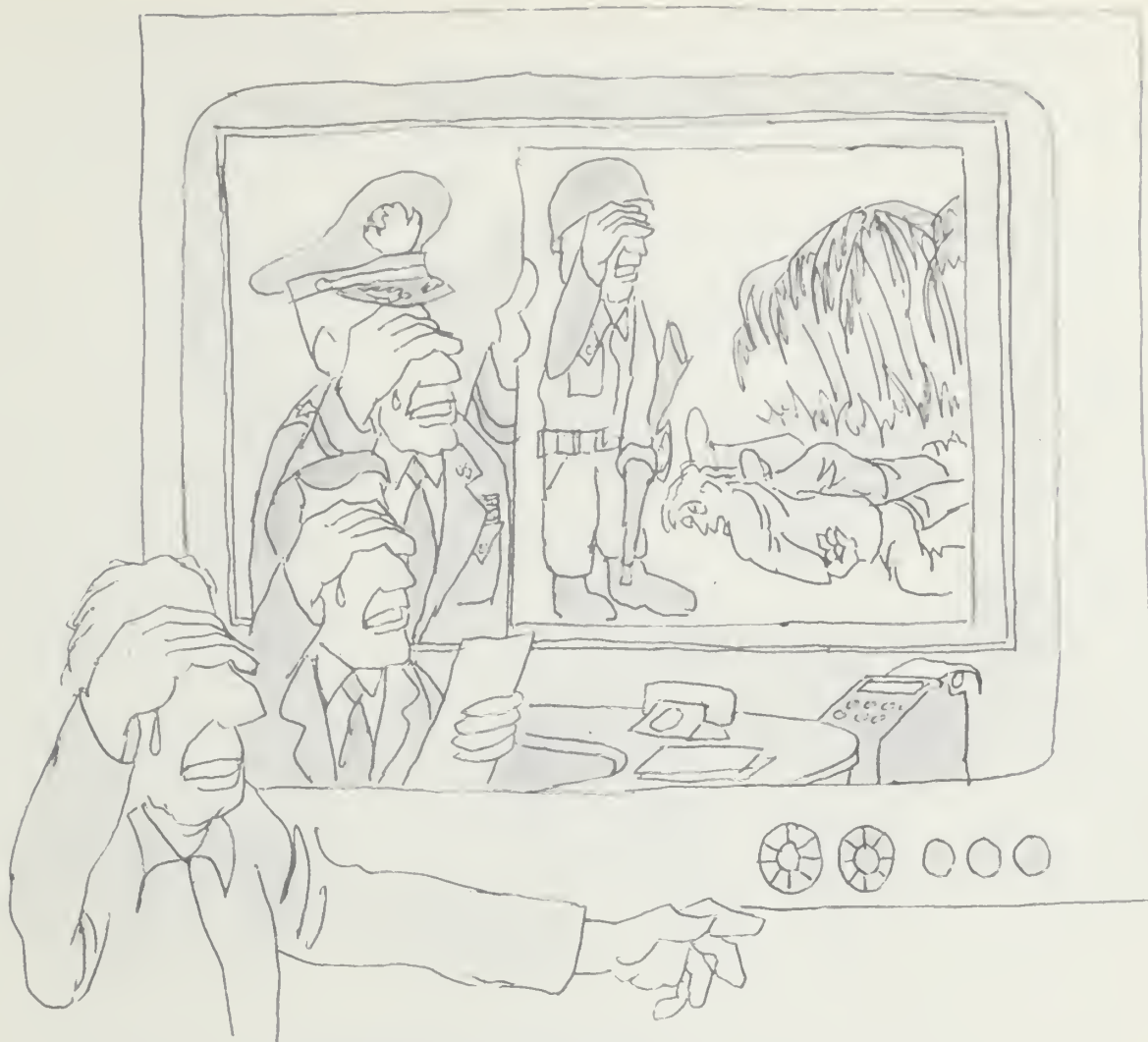
Hard Hat Student

Dear Hard:

Due to the over-conservative nature of this state, we seriously doubt that fetishism and sadism will be taught when we haven't a sex education class.







We take you back to the thrilling days of Yesteryear, with the

## Lone Ranger!!



Lone: Ho, Silver! This looks like a good place to make our

encampment. Ho! Aren't I literate, you ignorant heathen? Hoho!

Tonto: Yes, Kemo Sabe, you literate. I filthy Redskin. (aside) If they hadn't lost their records, I could get Harvard to send this Ranger a copy of my transcript and freak him right out of his skull! Hoho!

Lone: I'll wait here, Tonto, you go to town.

Tonto: We out of beer again, Kemo Sabe?

Lone: Don't get funny savage!

Tonto: Me sorry, Kemo Sabe.

Lone: Better get two six-packs this time, Tonto. And don't call the Sheriff a pig if he belts you. It only starts trouble, and remember that's his job!

Tonto: Yes, Kemo Sabe.

Lone: And pay no attention to insults or name-calling. They're only kidding. And if you have time before they kick you out of town, pick up some batteries for my transistor radio. There's a ball game this afternoon.

Tonto: Sure thing, Kemo Sabe. Who playing?

Lone: Senators against the Braves. Special game. (a shot rings out) A shot! My god, it's outlaws! Quick, Tonto! Stand in front of me! I'll cover you!!

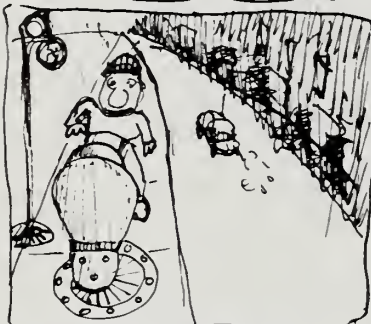
Tonto: Up against the wall, Kemo Sabe!

Be with us again as we take you back to the thrilling days of yesteryear.

# SHITKICUH COMIX

by R. CRUD-70

THE GZZX KID IS TRUCKIN'  
ON DOWN  
THE LINE...



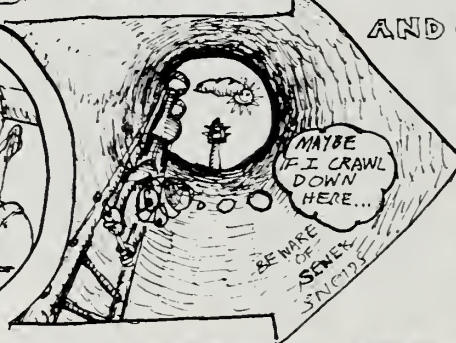
BOON...



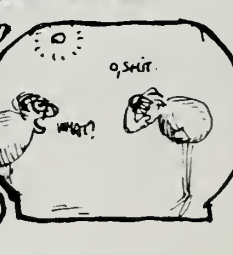
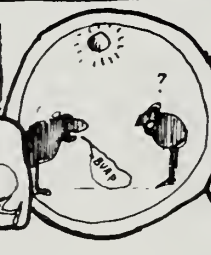
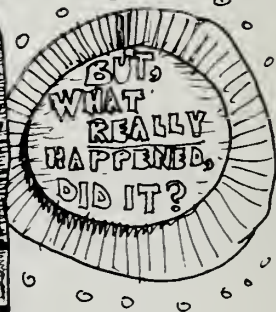
THE  
GZZX  
KID MEETS  
MIRT



DISHABILE!



AND SO ON...





In my forty years of meager existence in this community, my most cherished daily ritual is relaxing after supper, in my easy chair, to read the evening newspaper. Being exhausted by a hard day's work at the office, I think I deserve this little luxury.

Flipping through the pages of industrial print, I glance at the world and local news, the deaths, the marriages, and the sports. Although it would be impossible to guess, this sequence of seeming interest is only a prerequisite to finding that page which sets my heart to laughing: the Funny Page (often called "Comics").

For years, this page has enthralled me with emotions so intense that I rise to a state of hysterical happiness. If not for this particular encounter, my relaxation would cease to exist.

However, through constant observation I have detected a serious drawback in my page of hilarity: there is no process of evolution; everything remains the same.

For example, we have Dondi. He's a typical all-American youngster, sporting the body of a seven-year-old and the mind of Socrates. This courageous lad crushes revolutions with his unblemished respect for authority. The combination of his sad face and his twenty-minute dissertations on goodness bring tears to the eyes of those adults who, unfortunately, get involved with the little animal.

As well as I can recall, this boy has been carrying on now for some thirty-eight years. It may seem difficult to believe, but the silly thing is somewhere near the age of forty-five!

To my misfortune, my family believes that this eccentric little punk is the perfect example of the American Way. My kids, Phil, Jack, and baby Felika ravage the paper trying

# DONDI

We makes no  
acknowledgements  
because we doesn't  
know how!

BUT

we do reserve the right to sell  
popsicles at \$4.95 (5 cent  
deposit on stick) although  
opposing factions are selling  
them at 3 cents (\$4.97 deposit on  
stick)

MOTHER'S BOOKS—  
BILOXI, MISS.

1970, by Mother's Books, Inc.  
Published simultaneously  
in Suhodol, Albania  
and Amherst, Massachusetts

to find out what Dondi is going to do (i.e., help an elderly woman cross the street and refuse the tip), and my wife Chris "sheds tears" over his demanding that the boys stop throwing stones at pigeons. (Then Dondi "sheds blood" as the boys throw stones at him.) What kind of home is this?

I'm tired of hearing about this forty-five-year-old infant doing everything that is considered wholesome! Lately, Dondi has been attempting to unite the peoples of the world in peaceful co-existence. He has called a secret meeting of the executive board of The Explorers, a club founded by Dondi to insure domestic tranquillity.

At this moment, I am sitting in the den, relaxing and chuckling inwardly as a wizard turns Pogo into a bottle of Fresca. My wife is stomping around in the kitchen, and in a

few moments she will enter my lounge and commence to antagonize me. Then she'll pose the inevitable question.

She emerges. (The following dialogue ensues.)

HE: (Contemplating) I know she'll ask that putrid question.

SHE: Horace dear, what is Dondi doing today?

HE: (In thought) Now's my chance! No, I'll let the suspense build.

SHE: (Annoyed) I've finished the dishes.

HE: Swell. Great. Fabulous.

SHE: Can't you say a civil word?

HE: Sure, a civil word, a civil word, a civil word--.

SHE: Shut up! I've already asked you once, what is happening to Dondi?

HE: (Thinking again) This will be fun! (Aloud) Well, the last episode ended with the police chasing Dondi and his big-mouth dog through a wooded area. They had a warrant for Dondi's arrest and a poison biscuit for the mutt. SHE: You're really a riot.

HE: It's true. They want him and that scurvy dog for assault with the intent to rape.

SHE: What?!!!

HE: Yeah, he was at the malt shoppe and had one too many sherbet coolers and he tried to hump some six-year-old chick from Sesame Street.

SHE: Oh, Horace, that's horrible.

HE: Well, what can you expect from a forty-five year-old kid?

SHE: Horace, you disgust me!

HE: But Chris honey, that little dink and his flea-ridden mutt should be shot.

SHE: How can you say that? That wholesome, innocent --.

HE: Ho! That's a joke. That pest has been sir-ing the population of Midville for who knows how long; he even sirs

(Continued to p. 26)

PSYCHOLOGICAL  
STUDIES OF  
TYPES OF MEN IN PUBLIC  
RESTROOMS

1...EXCITABLE—Shorts half twisted around, cannot find hole, rips shorts.

2...SOCIABLE—Joins friends in piss whether he has to or not.

3...CROSSEYED—Looks into urinal on left, pisses into one in centre, flushes one on right.

4...NOSEY—Looks into next urinal to see how the other guy is fixed.

5...TIMID—Cannot urinate if someone else is watching, flushes urinal as if he had already used it, sneaks back later.

6...INDIFFERENT—All

urinals being used, he pisses in sink.

7...CLEVER—No hands, shows off by fixing tie, looks around, pisses on floor.

8...WORRIED—Is not sure of what he has been into lately, makes quick inspection.

9...FRIVOLOUS—Plays stream up and down and across urinal, tries to hit fly.

10...ABSENTMINDED—Opens vest, pulls out tie, pisses in pants.

11...DISGUSTED—Stands for awhile, gives up, walks away.

12...SNEAK—Farts silently while leaking, acts very innocent, knows man in next stall will be blamed.

13...CHILDISH—Leaks directly

into urinal bottom, likes to see it bubble.

14...PATIENT—Stands very close for a long time waiting, reads newspaper with free hand.

15...EFFICIENT—Waits until he has to take a crap, then does both.

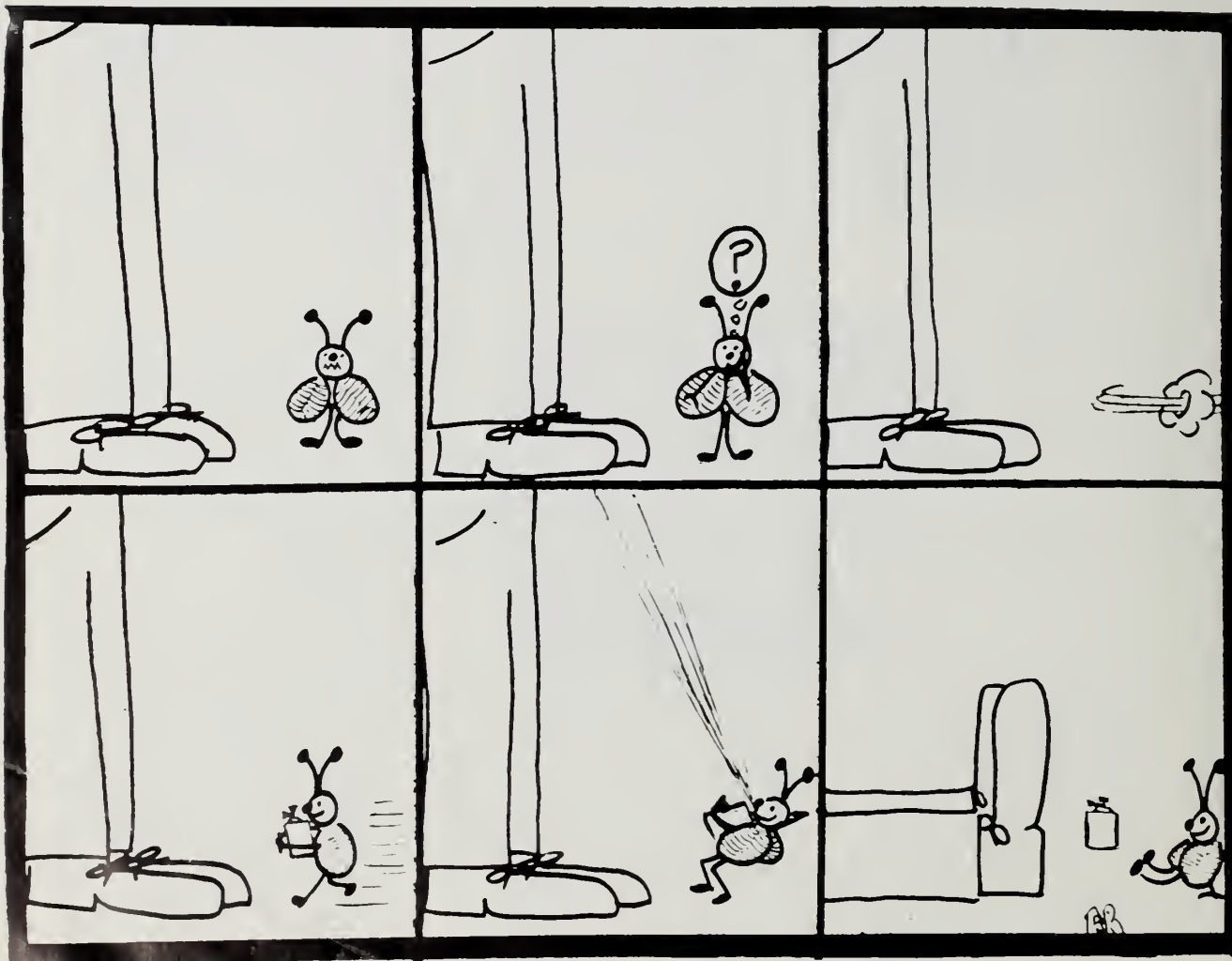
16...TOUGH—Bangs dong against urinal to dry it.

17...FAT—Has to stand back to take a long blind shot at urinal, misses, pisses in shoe.

18...LITTLE—Stands on box, falls in, drowns.

19...DRUNK—Holds left thumb in right hand, pisses in pants.

20...WITHDRAWN—Places foot in urinal, pisses down leg, eliminating noise.

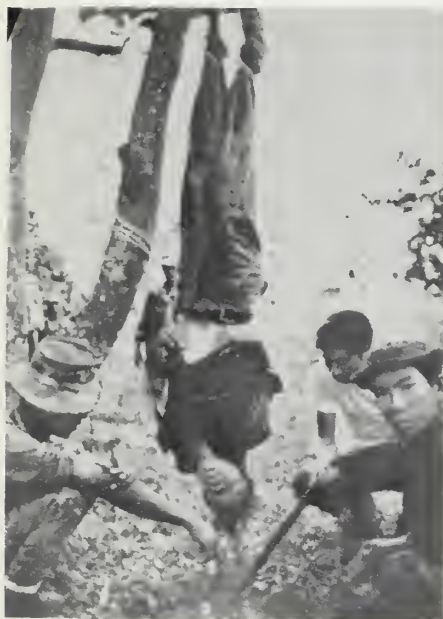




# NEWS!

## NEW HIJACKINGS

New York (PUI) Police officials here released word that five frankfurt pushcarts were hijacked by five Arab Commandos disguised as a successful business executive. The takeovers occurred in broad daylight as thousands of hungry employees waited in line for their lunch. Witnesses to the hijackings stated that the Commandos involved waited in line with the other customers, and when they approached the carts, they produced mustard knives telling the pushcart vendors to proceed to a secret hideout in the Arabian Desert.



Hippies Heckle Humphrey, Hickel

Amherst (PA) Today those same hippies who heckled Humphrey heckled Hickel. Hickel, who was invited by the VDP to speak on pollution of the environment, is the slick new director of the Department of the Inferior Co., Inc. Hickel, heckled by onetime Humphrey-haters, was ready to walk off the stage onto an oil slick when Harvey Hackle stood up and took up a microphone. Addressing his remarks to the heckled Hickel, Hackle stated in his own colorful style: "Burp!" The Humphrey hecklers, halted in their heckling of Hickel, had high hopes of a return encounter with "Mr. Pollutant" but Hickel gave no hint of desiring a return match.



Attention!

The ruling hierarchy has noticed that the urinals are not being flushed. This may be that you lack the know-how. It is very simple. The first two urinals can be flushed by rotating the handle vigorously. If you find that you still can't get the urinal to flush, ask someone to show you how.

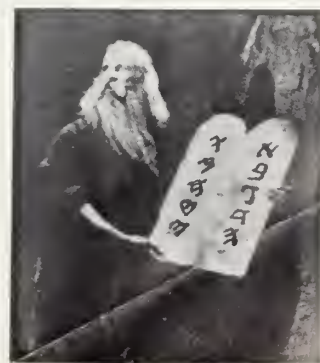
Thank you.

## NEW PEACE PROPOSALS

Washington (PUI) President Noxin today suggested an all-encompassing withdrawal and peace plan. Under the provisions of the New plan, the United States and North Viet Nam would simultaneously first remove all troops and then all civilians from Southeast Asia. Foreign nations are now studying the plan, initial reaction is favorable, excluding a few grumblers in Hanoi.



ACCORDING TO OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT FIGURES, MARIJUANA HAS 10.6 PER CENT LESS TAR AND 3.4 PER CENT LESS NICOTINE THAN THE LEADING TOBACCO CIGARETTE, FILTERED OR NON-FILTERED. SAVE YOURSELF, SMOKE GRASS. THIS HAS BEEN A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT.



# YAHOO CORRESPONDENCE



## SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

INSTALLMENT NO. 57

(Synopsis: For the last 38 lessons, the patient has been lying unconscious on the operating table; the first 19 lessons got him/her there. You have your instruments laid out on the table to your right: plunger, two scalpels, twelve sponges, six towels or two hundred rolls of Viva instead of cloth, an I Like Ike button and a Let's Trick Dick pin, one generator, 1300 feet of copper tubing, 1 gross of paper clips, lots of bandaids, a bottle of Wesson oil, and a valid driver's license. Keep the anaesthetic (available from local suppliers in GIQ's or Kilo's) handy between operations, as three months is a long time and your patient may wake up (although this is unlikely at this stage).

\* \* \*

Step one: Three months ago, we left you holding the patient's liver in your left hand. This was a typographical error on the part of our printer, who doesn't understand the seriousness of such a mistake. (He thinks we're kidding!) Anyhow, put it back, and we'll make the best of what's left. It would be too time-consuming to repeat the last 2,412 steps on a new patient. If it doesn't fit too well, drop some oil on it and it should slide back.

Step two: Using a scalpel, cut parts F and G (see picture no. 7 in "Famous Doctors" Manual) away from patient's body, being careful not to damage any more than you have to. Pull back flesh. That red thing in the middle of the hole you just made is the heart. It doesn't really look like a valentine, does it? Using the plunger, suck it out and grasp it firmly in your right hand. Now place the heart in a bowl of warm water.

Step three: Using the Famous Doctors' patented Head Spreader which we sent







chair, or ironing board. Pulverize the bat wings and place in mini-cauldron. Wave vial of panther piss over a tapered candle. Stir into cup of institutional coffee. Drop in two or three alligator teeth and stir briskly. Now add one level tablespoonful of Famous Doctors' Magical Mystery Mummy Powder to one cup of Wesson oil and mix everything together. Beat mixture with medium whip until done. At precisely 12:00 midnight, waft your hands over the mixture and chant the magic words: "O momne savvay owanna tukala spiro agnew." The patient should now be fully cured of his cold.

Be sure to buy our next issue, where our Famous Doctors will explain in detail how to put back what you took out, and other exciting party games. In the same issue will be featured the "Operation of the Year" as selected by our cracked team of medical experts, as well as a review of the past year's most delightful dozen.

you with lesson no. 54, pry open the patient's skull. Carefully remove the brain from the skull (part 7 from fuselage in diagram tfx-111). Place brain in your autographed Dr. Strangeways brain beaker and start generator. Take a pause that refreshes and prepare for step 4.

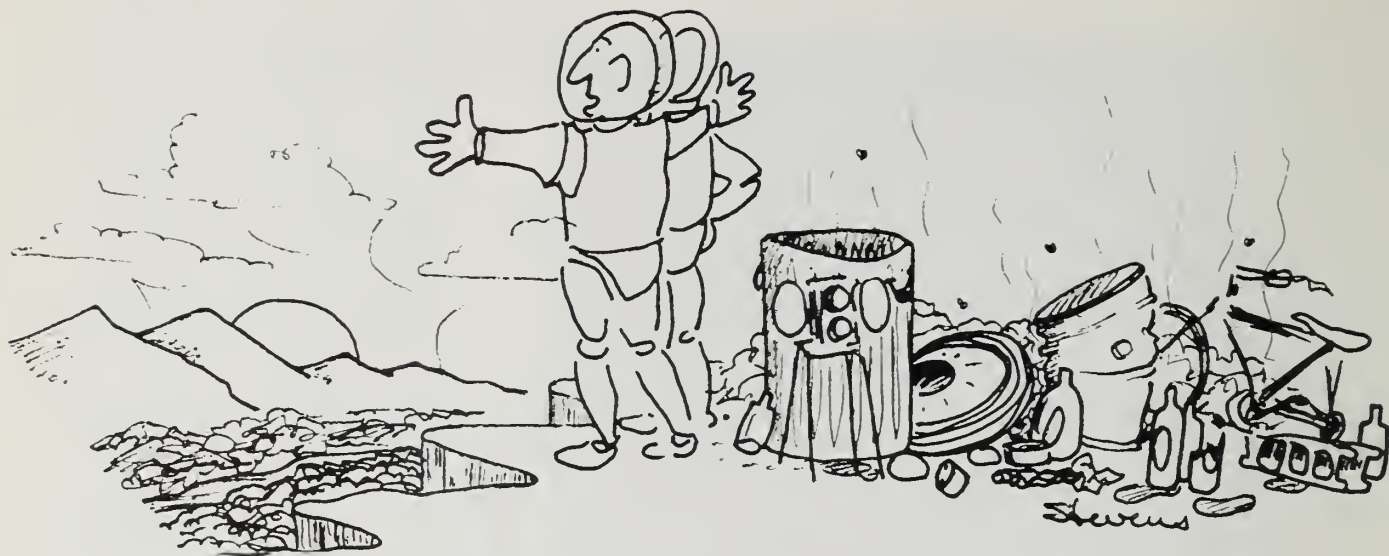
Step 4: Before continuing, stuff a towel (or 33 1-3 rolls of Viva) into the skull cavity to prevent filling in of tissue. Coil the copper tubing and run coil from brain beaker to heart holder. Now take wire 1 (see diagram no. GE-00 for wiring details) and attach it to coil near heart holder. Then take wire 2 and immerse (dip, dummy) in brain beaker. Water will begin to boil. At this point you may relax for ten minutes, or make a cup of coffee since that water's boiling anyway.

Step 5: By now it should be 11:45 PM (if you remembered to start at the usual time). Now

take out the mystery grab bag you received with lesson one. Break the hermetic seal and empty contents onto table,



**Forget it, Doctor**



And to think we can bring civilization to this lovely but savage world!

## OUR DEGRADABLE ENVIRONMENT



LAKE ERIE (1970)

Weather: chlorinated hydrocarbons up .3 per cent, misc. particulates, up 27 per cent, ozone down .04 per cent, lead up 3 per cent, carbon monoxide up 12 per cent, organic vapors down .7 per cent, nitrogen oxides up .9 per cent, aldehydes up 23 per cent, sulphur compounds up 19 per cent, organic acids up .007 per cent, ammonia down 5 per cent, zinc down 3 per cent, hydrofluoric acid up 8 per cent, becoming more heavily particulate-laden within the next few days. Try to avoid breathing for the next 12 hours if this is at all possible. Should you be exposed to the air for more than twenty minutes, call a physician. Smog lightening for a few days this month, probably around the 30th.

### NOTICES

For sale: Puffs of fresh air, 25 cents a puff. Packaged in cellophane, easily concealed from envious onlookers. This stuff is guaranteed fresh, stolen from a government shipment. Call (413) 545-2839 (ask for air).



For sale: two ounces of good water. This is real good stuff, probably from Mexico. It's clean! Guaranteed uncut with either raw sewage or anything else. 25 dollars an ounce. call (413) 545-2839. Ask for water.

Notice: Government water will be distributed to needy people at the corner of Main and Line Streets. Bring ration cards between 8:00 am and 4:00 pm. Purification tablets will not be needed, as this water is 34 per cent pure.

Item: The United States Government has decided to clamp down hard on underground distribution and sales of water. Agents of the Federal Water Bureau have made 200 arrests in recent weeks of persons illicitly selling the rare substance.



Family afflicted by BHT, BHA, and artificial flavoring

NEWS: Item: A student at the agricultural extension school of

the National Education Institute was killed today while sampling the waters of a river in Oregon. He had slipped on the muddy banks and made fatal skin contact with the river fluids. This was a bit of a comedown for Hiram Zild, 23, who had successfully sampled the Charles, Connecticut, Ohio, Mississippi, Snake, and Colorado rivers in a never-ending search for purifiable water. Zild was noted for his theory that somewhere there existed surface water in sufficient proportion to other fluids to make a surface purification program feasible. Sadly, the closest Zild came was on the Okefenokee Swamp which showed a full 2 per cent of H<sub>2</sub>O—this higher than usual water content was believed to be the result of the Swamp's relatively late development, although it was still not found to be purifiable.



You know, if this pollution gets much worse, the fish are gonna have to learn braille



After house to house search, police fail to find a bathroom



Cambodian army returning from U.S. surplus store



# OUR DECADENT SOCIETY SECTION

Miss Agatha Birtha Aardvark, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Alphons Aardvark of Emko St. became the blushing bride of Waldo Palmeria Yushnick, son of Miss Palmeria Yushnick from the Massachusetts State House of Correction.

The Rev. Felix Blasphemous performed the double ring—shotgun ceremony at the bride's home. The house was adorned with baskets of dandelions. Organist was supplied by the Homophile Club of which the groom is a member. The

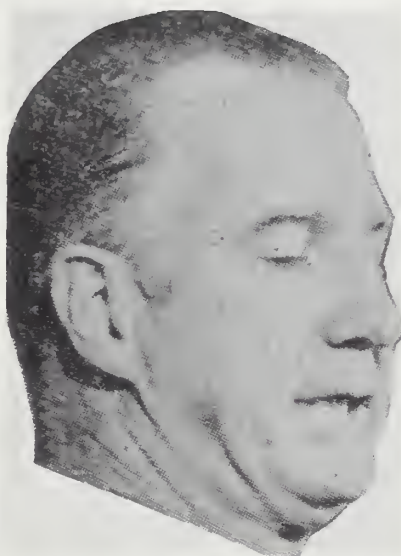


Bride, donated by her father, wore a red waitress uniform and an apron with lace trim. The style of the gown was reminiscent of the styles of the 1960 Shraffts. She wore a custom made bridal cap, modeled after a Rough Rider campaign hat. The bride carried a bouquet of celery.

Immediately after the ceremony, the couple departed for their honeymoon in the Sunderland Valley with their 5 month old son, John Jr.

## Obituaries

The Massachusetts Legislature, 280, of malpractice. Surviving relatives are the DPW and the Post Office. John W. Leaderless, of boredom. In his last days he was marked by an air of resignation. He leaves a number of relatives, including



Spiro Agnew, of Hoof in Mouth. He leaves Dick Nixon and a silent majority.

State University, of chronic budgetary malnutrition. There were no survivors.

YAF and SDS, of verbal diarrhea. Surviving relatives plan to merge.

YAHOO, of censorship. Survivors plan defection to Laugh-In.

God, of encroaching Church bureaucracy.



## Births

FERNONDORFF—Vernon, son of Victor J. and Veronica (Volchnic) Fernondorff was born with original sin at Barry's Delicatessen. Fernondorff is a sampler at the Midtown Sperm Bank. Mrs. Fernondorff is a consular at the Planned Parenthood Association. Vernon is their 10th child.

SIMILAC—Seymour and Horace twin sons of Wanda Similac, were hatched at City Hospital. Miss Similac is an Army WAC just returned from Ice Station Zero where she has been assigned for the last 10 months.



Horace and Seymour







*Woman's Liberation Denounces Male Chauvinist.*



# THE COMPREHENSIVE CUBAN CAPER

Time: 7:00 PM EDT. The scene, the Washington, District of Columbia White House, in a large conference room. Richard Milhouse Nixon, Spiro Ted Agnew (and you thought names like that were only in science fiction!), Mel Laird, John Mitchell, Bob Finch, Wally Hickel,...

## ACT I

Mr. Nixon: I heard somebody mention pollution the other day, gang, and I want to know what's going on. That's the second person to mention it in almost a year.

Bob Finch: That's shocking

news, Dick. I personally instructed the staff not to mention pollution to you —I know how problems upset you. But this means they've disobeyed me. Oh my.

Mr. Nixon: They—uh—weren't staff, Bob. They were civilians!

Spiro: But you only saw two civilians all year...

Mr. Nixon: That's right Spiro.

Bob Finch: You mean both...

Mr. Nixon: Right, both. Every man on the street I talked to—both of them—mentioned pollution this year.

Mel Laird: See, Dick, I told you public opinion would soon

forget the war. They've found another issue to pick on, and thank god they can't fight two issues at the same time.

Spiro: But what if the mail's slow?

Mr. Nixon: (Ignoring Spiro) But Mel, can I really be sure those two were representative of...

Mel Laird: Yes, Dick, I told you I would personally help the FBI to pick them out. And we were thorough. We spent months questioning possible subjects to make absolutely sure they'd be representative. You wouldn't believe how hard it was to find those two. There just aren't that many representative people left.

Mr. Nixon: I'm relieved to hear that Mel.

Wally Hickel: Now just a minute there, I smell a fox!

Spiro: Fox, lox, rox, dox.

John Mitchell: Aren't they extinct?

Bob Finch: Now, Wally, what's the matter?

Mr. Nixon: What's going on here?

Wally Hickel: Sure, you helped the FBI pick those two, Mel. How come I didn't get a chance to help?

Spiro: I don't like this Dick. I'm scared.

Mel Laird: You're biased! That's why! You'd probably get them to say there isn't any pollution but the war is getting worse! Try to influence public opinion.

Wally Hickel: What'd you do? Tell them to mention pollution?

Mr. Nixon: Now let's hold it a minute. Let's just hold it a minute.

Spiro: I can't hold it that long!

Mr. Nixon: Now let's hold it a minute. Let's just hold it a minute.

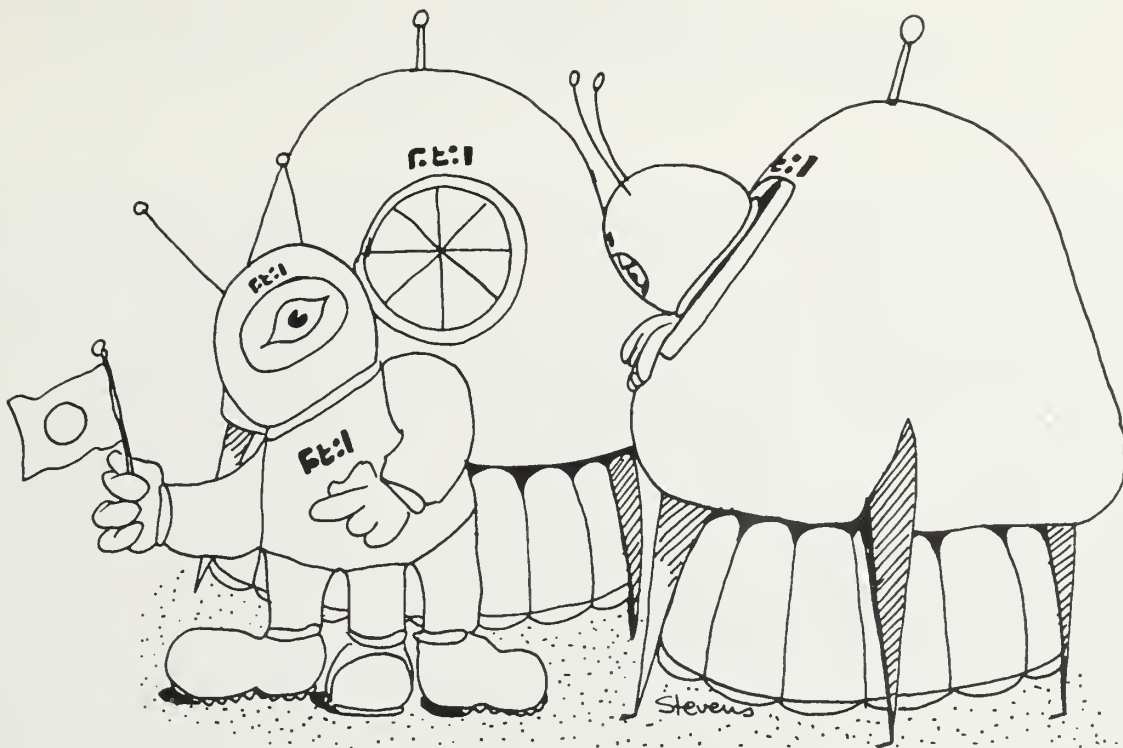
Spiro: I can't hold it that long!

Mr. Nixon: Before we start making accusations, let's just remember that I gave all of you a chance in politics and to be



We thank thee, O Lord, for that which we are about to eat





" WE MUST NOT FORGET TO REGISTER WITH THE  
LOCAL POST OFFICE. "

my advisors, and you know that I won't listen to people who quarrel.

Chorus: Yessir!

Mr. Nixon: Now let's get back to pollution. Wally. Is there any?

Wally Hickel: (glancing guiltily around) Yes, sir. But it's not really my fault.

Spiro: Better red white and blue than dead...

Mel Laird: Whose was it? The commies?

Wally Hickel: Exactly!

Mel Laird: (Interested) Really? I mean honest-to-god Commies?

John Mitchell: Student Commies?

Wally Hickel: What's happened is this. You see, the Commies came here in 1940 to destroy our environment...

Mr. Nixon: Wasn't that Teddy Roosevelt?

Wally Hickel: No, Sir. It was other commies. They forced the non-refillable and no-return bottle on us through their spies in legislative positions. Then came the aluminum, non-degradable can. Then the doubly-and triply-wrapped product. DDT. Plastic. Throw-away replacements for lasting items. It's a plot.



YOU - YOU MEAN  
VIETNAM ISN'T  
IN AFRICA ??...

Mel Laird: Chrissakes! You're right! I never thought of it that way. What'll we do?

Spiro: Put it in a river.

Mr. Nixon: Grand idea, Spiro! You surprise me. Yes, gentlemen, why not put all this communist pollution in the Mississippi River and let it float to sea.

Wally Hickel: But sir, won't that pollute the ocean?

Mr. Nixon: Of course not, Wally! The ocean's like a garbage disposal unit—here we've been dumping bombs, nerve gas, radioactive wastes, poisons, chemicals, garbage, and junk into the oceans for ages—especially since we lost Lake Erie—and there only a little dirty!

Mel Laird: And it will pollute Cuba, too!

Mr. Nixon: Excellent!

Spiro: That's getting two birds stoned!

(cont. next pg.)

(Cont. from p. 17)

John Mitchell: Dick, can I have the Commies sent down with the garbage? It would be a great propoganda victory, and it isn't good to keep Commies in the same jails as good, clean, American criminals. Can I, please, sir?

Mr. Nixon: Yes, John, you can send them.

Spiro: Can I watch?

Mr. Nixon: Yes, Spiro, you can watch. Call out the Corps of Engineers!

## ACT II

(Several months later Mr. Nixon is relaxing in the White House. His wife, Pat, enters.)

Pat: Well, Dick, today's the day isn't it.

Mr. Nixon: Yes, dear, today will live in history. Today Cuba will be covered by Commie garbage. I hate to admit it, but this idea of Spiro's was great! I might even let him give another public speech.

Pat: (shocked) Dick! You wouldn't!

Mr. Nixon: Yes, I think I shall. (The telephone rings. Mr. Nixon crosses the room and answers it.)

Mr. Nixon: Yes, this is the President of the United States. (pause) Yes, I know the garbage. What about it? (pause) Wind westerly? What in hell's that? (pause) I don't need a weather report! What about the garbage? (pause) My god. No. Oh my god. Yes. Thank you. Goodbye. (he turns to his wife, stunned)

Pat: What's wrong dear? You're as pale as a parsnip!

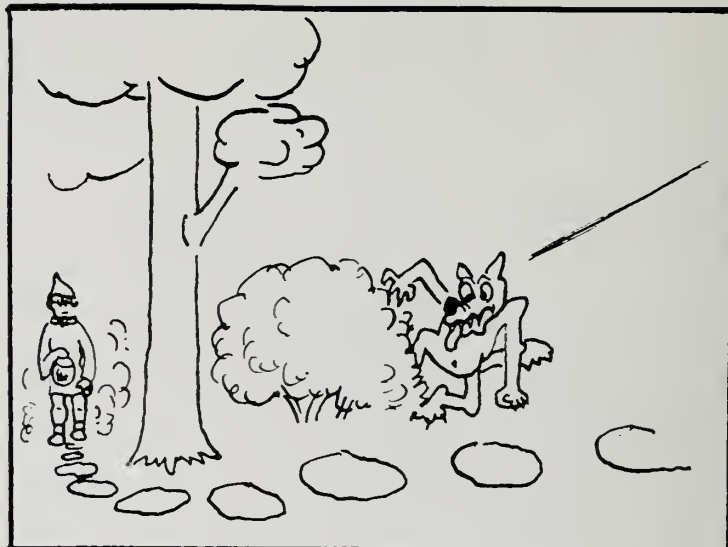
Mr. Nixon: The...the garbage...it...

Pat: Yes, Dear?

Mr. Nixon: I have just been informed that the garbage landed...oh, god!...it...it

Pat: Where did the garbage land Dick? (Suddenly deeply concerned) Where did it land?

Mr. Nixon: Key Biscayne.

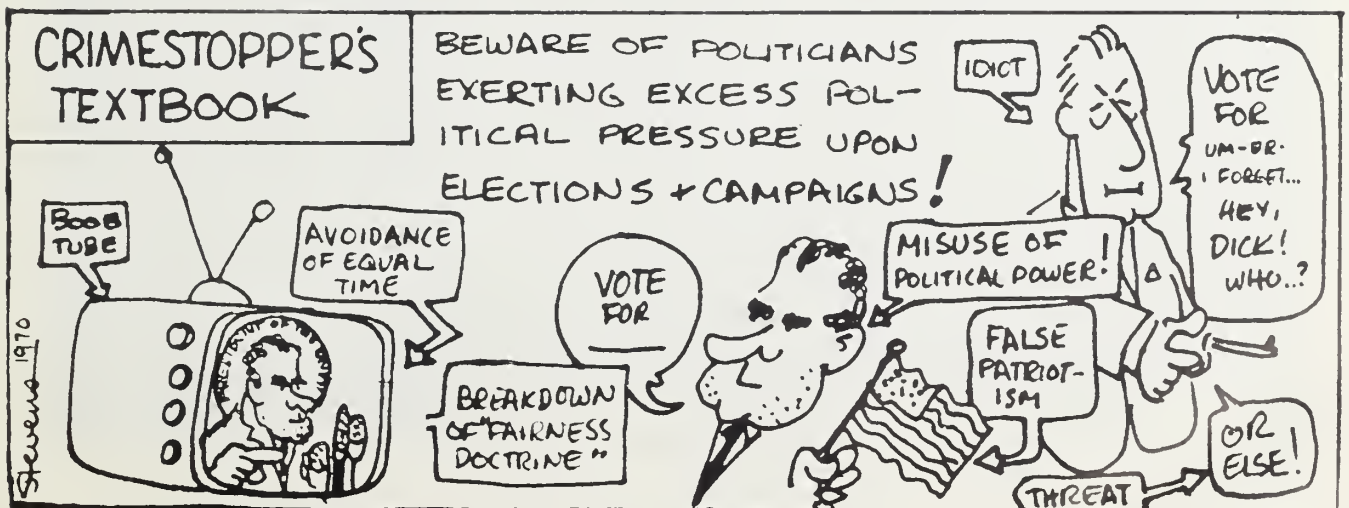




# CRIME PREVENTION PAGE



Students protect police from angry construction workers





## Transcript of Timothy Leary's Appearance on the Kapitan Kangeroo Show

Vice President Agnew's  
answer for the College  
Grad who won't enlist.

**Kindly Kapitan Kangeroo:** Now we'll go right outside this door and see what kind of a surprise Mr. Green Jeans has for us today!" (Captain walks outdoors, looks at Jeans.)

**Captain:** Oh, I dare say! What is that?

**Green Jeans:** That's a Leary Timothy, sometimes known as a fugitive. Let's go over and meet him. Hi, Tim.

**Tim:** Hi, freak, and what the hell is this, a joke?

**Captain:** Good lord! It talks.

**Jeans:** Yes, Captain. Now we'll find out something about a Leary. What do you like to do?

**Tim:** I like to get stoned.

**Captain:** Oh, that must hurt.

**Tim:** Not too much.

**Jeans:** What do you eat or drink, Tim?

**Tim:** Mostly acid. Hey, you cats are somethin' else:

**Captain:** But we're not cats, we're humans, aren't we.

**Jeans:** I think so. Maybe that's what he meant when he said "Somethin' else".

**Captain:** Maybe.

**Tim:** Heavy!

**Jeans:** What's heavy?

**Tim:** Your show!

**Captain:** Why, I've never tried to lift it. Really?

**Tim:** How do you keep such straight faces?

**Captain:** But people always tell me it's round...

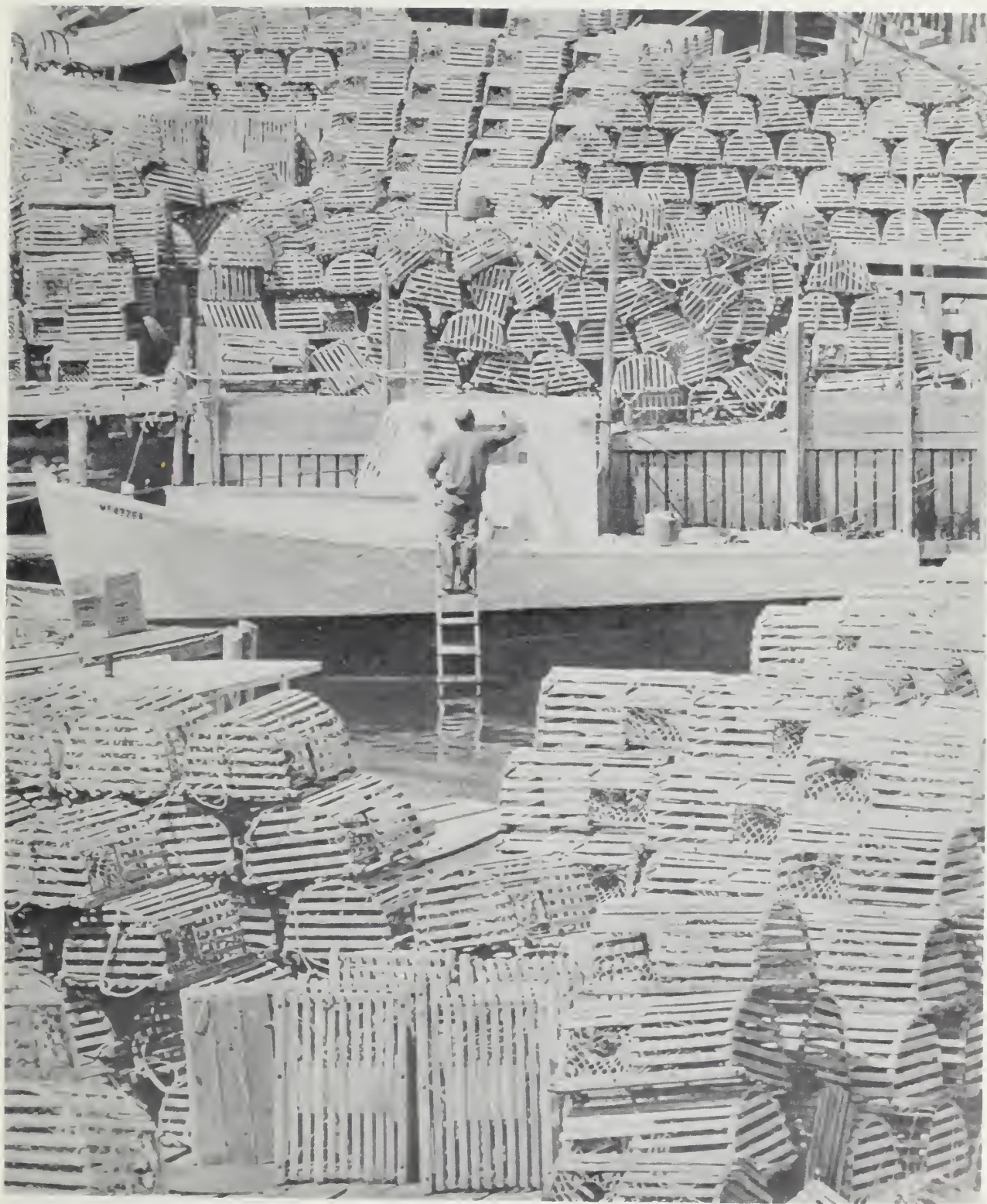
**Jeans:** Would you like a carrot?

**Tim:** Arrrrgh!



**Look!**  
**Thousands of Marching**  
**Xylophones**





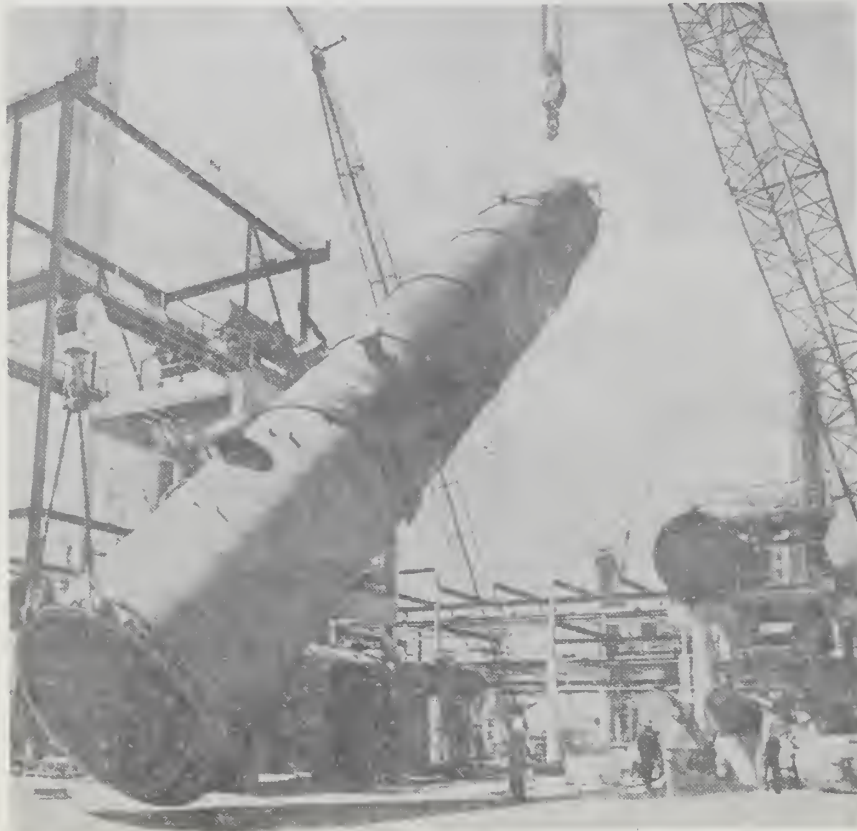
Yahoo exclusive: Con Son Prison cages



Citizens from small new Mexico town confiscate "Walking Coat" from flying saucer.



Police search for M&M chocolate mess.



Condom of Jolly Green Giant found in Great Lakes.

## NEWS BRIEFS



Volunteers pour in for no draft army





## LOOK TO THE STARS

**HORRORSCOPE:** (Even your best friends...)

**Aries:** Beware! Pollution will get you and Aquarius this month.

**Leo:** You will bite a close friend this month. You also may be offered a guest spot on the American Sportsman. Do not accept it unless you have suicidal tendencies.

**Virgo:** There are no virgos left. But, just in case, we'll give the horrorscope: make a friend this month—or, better yet, have a friend make you.

**Pisces:** There is danger all around you. Be especially careful not to swim in the Connecticut or Charles Rivers.

**Aquarius:** Your time is come. Watch for the dawning.

**Taurus:** Beware of any tendency to see red. Also, pass up any offers of trips to Mexico or Spain.

**Gemini:** You will travel to Siam and will become attached to its people. Oriols are and will continue to be your nemesis.

**Cancer:** You have a tendency to become crabby, but this will be eliminated if you quit smoking (cigarettes).

**Libra:** Beware of chauvinists and women. Nixon does not like your front, so act accordingly.

**Scorpio:** People mistrust you and show fear. People who are close to you seem nervous and edgy. Go ahead, sting them!

**Sagittarius:** Among those who bow down to you is a straight-arrow who wouldst have thee shot down. He is your arch enemy. Beware, or at least be as ware as possible.

**Capricorn:** Try not to let people around you get your goat. Do not be alarmed if you feel horny. Remember this and you will be safe.

**Q.** Whatever happened to the peace movement?

**A.** It went down the drain.

**Q.** What did they say when James Earl Ray was caught and put in prison?

**A.** There ain't any Ray no more, no more,.....

One, hot, sunny, dusty day in Dodge City, Festus ran into the Sherrif's office yelling "Mr. Dillon! Mister Dillon! They's trouble brewin. You'd best get your ass over to the Long Branch afore sumthin' happens."

"That's where ah been gettin' it, Festus" replied the Marshall.

**Q.** What's the difference between an elephant and a peanut?

**A.** I don't know.

**Q.** Boy, I'd hate to send you to the store for a bag of elephants.



"I'M SO GLAD THEY DEVALUED THE POUND..."

Mommy! Mommy! I don't want  
to go to Europe!  
—Shut up and keep that gun  
on the pilot!

Mommy! Mommy! I don't want  
to go to Europe!  
—Shut up and get into the  
CARE package!

Mommy! Mommy! I don't want  
to go to Europe!  
—Shut up and keep swim-  
ming!



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## EVERYONE SUBSCRIBING! WHY NOT YOU?

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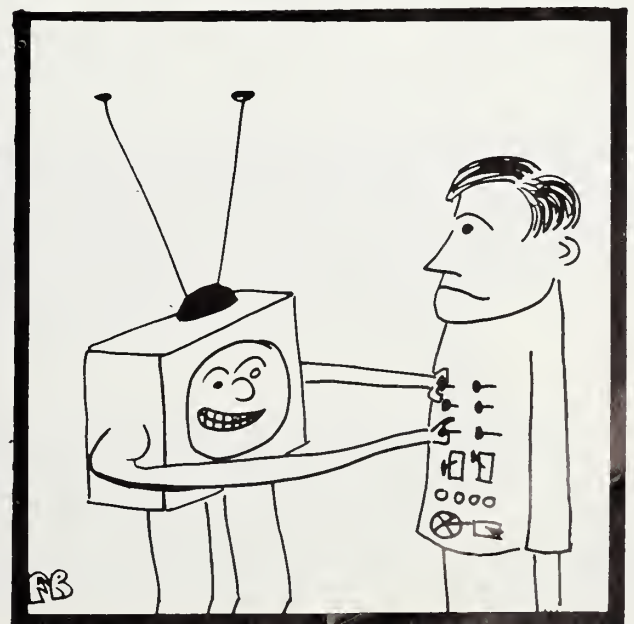
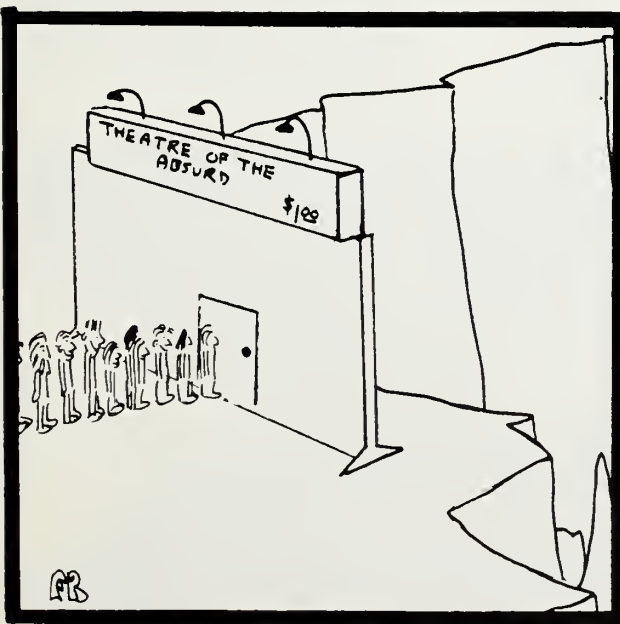
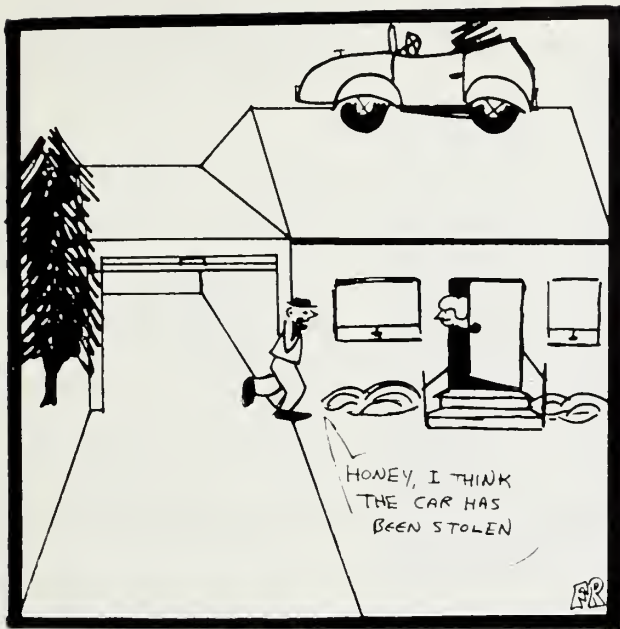
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TO: YAHOO, R.S.O. No. 106, U of Mass., Amherst, Mass. 01002

Money means nothing to me! Here's my buck fifty, send me the next three issues. I am over 6 years of age.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY, STATE & ZIP \_\_\_\_\_







Demonstration for UMass consumer article

Cont. from page 5

the women. There hasn't been one incident in a decade that the little twerp didn't stick his nose into.

SHE: Horace, are you jealous of Dondi?

HE: Jealous, oh yeah, I'm jealous. My main goal in life is to be three feet tall and have no pupils.

SHE: You make me sick to my stomach. If doctors had you, they wouldn't need stomach pumps.

HE: If I had Dondi, I'd need a doctor.

SHE: (Very positively) SHUT UP!

Well, that ends family quarrel No. 6,482,506. I'm satisfied, though, she doesn't know what the little maggot is doing. And just wait until tomorrow when I tell her the executive board of The Explorers has unanimously passed Dondi's bill saying that the members of The Explorers should be advised to gang bang Little Orphan Annie and drown her dog.

An Afterthought  
(Maybe they'll just fill her ears with sand.)

WHATEVER YOUR PROBLEM...

"IT'S YOUR SPINNO AGNEW..."

ATLANTIC VISIT U-HAUL

**BILL'S**

**SERVICE CENTER**

TUNE-UPS, MINOR REPAIRS,  
EMERGENCY SERVICE

260 College St., Amherst, Mass.  
Tel. 253-9001  
open  
7 a.m.—11 p.m.

Mommy! Mommy! I don't want to go to Europe!

—Shut up and hold still while I paste on the stamps!

Mommy! Mommy! I don't want to go to Europe!

—Shut up while I mount the whitewalls on you!

Mommy! Mommy! I don't want to go to Europe!

—Shut up and stay on the water skis!







"...AND THERE'S ANOTHER BIG HAND FROM THE CROWD..."



# SCREW BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

## THE PROBLEM

The problem is how not to be stupid and uninformed about what's happening sexually in this country. The problem is how to know what films deliver what they promise and are thus worth the money and which off-Broadway shows and entertainments also live up to their claims and deliver the meat (bacon).

Another problem is how to know which sex books to buy since the covers all promise a sex-filled heaven. Another problem is how to know what the morons in Washington and their tinderhead bureaucrats are up to to illegally open your mail and confiscate your stuff from abroad. The biggest lawbreaker in this country is not the Mafia but the government itself.

## THE SOLUTION

Through a subscription, to **SCREW**, ALL THESE PROBLEMS ARE SOLVED! You keep abreast of the breasts and bods that make life endurable. Keep in touch with the films and their Peter-Meter ratings. **KNOW EVERYTHING THAT'S WORTH KNOWING ABOUT THE SEX WORLD.**

## NUTRITIOUS!

**SCREW** in addition to making you into an educated beacon in the night, will also pump maximum nutrients and protein into your body, thus improving your vision (yes, you too can throw away those bifocals and not be called "four eyes" again) while gaining stature in the eyes of your peers and contemporaries.

**REMEMBER. SCREW IS THE PAPER THAT DARES TO BE HONEST...AND RAUNCHY.** Subscribe before even that becomes a crime!

see coupon







"WE'LL CALL IT THE 'GREAT WALL' OF AMERICA"

(Taken from door at  
Mass. General Hospital)

TO: ALL PERSONNEL  
SUBJECT: ABSENTEEISM

It has been brought to our  
attention that the attendance

# SCREW

record of this department is a disgrace to our gracious benefactor who, at your own request, has given you your job. Due to lack of consideration for your job with so fine an employer, as shown by such frequent absenteeism, the following changes are in effect as of today:

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NY 10011.

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**SICKNESS** No excuse...We will no longer accept your doctor's statement as proof, for we believe that if you are able to go to the doctor, you are able to come to work.

**DEATH:** (Other than your own)...This is no excuse...there is nothing you can do for them, and we are sure that someone else with a lesser position can attend to the arrangements. However, if the funeral can be held in the late afternoon, we will be glad to let you off one hour early, provided that your share of the work is ahead enough to keep the job going in your absence.

**LEAVE OF ABSENCE:** (For an operation)...We are no longer allowing this practice. We wish to discourage thoughts that you may need an operation as we believe as long as you are an employee here, you will need all of whatever you have and should not consider having anything removed. We hired you as you are and to have anything removed would certainly make you less than we bargained for. Anyone having an operation will be fired immediately.

**DEATH:** (Your own)...This will be accepted as an excuse, but we would like a two-week notice as we feel it is your duty to teach someone else your job.

Also, entirely too much time is being spent in the restrooms. In the future, we will follow the practice of going in alphabetical order. For instance—those whose names begin with "A" will go from 0845 to 0900; "B" will go from 0900 to 0915, and so on. If you are unable to go at your time, it will be necessary to wait until the next day when your turn comes again.

If any infraction of the above is noted, immediate termination of the employment will result.

THE MANAGEMENT



" I THOUGHT HE HAD TENURE... "